

HAS NATURE WARNED YOU?

Nature herself clid in the early years of spring, blossoms forth trees and flowers, causing the dependent chord to vibrate to this, the most delightful of all, springtime and how do you feel? Have you that tired shaky feeling, too foreboding of Chills, Malaria and Typhoid Fever? Is so, you must not pass this warning as it is an indication of sickness; avoid this, consult us as our advice costs you nothing. Call on your druggist and procure a bottle of Dr. Carleton's German Liver Powder. Take one dose a day at bed time for six days; then follow by procuring a bottle of Yucca and Chilli Tonic, following the directions and after two weeks' course of these two great remedies, you will feel like the flowers look in the spring. Prepare yourself for the malarial or hot season when the atmosphere is full of germs. It is necessary and when your system warns you repeat the above. These Remedies in store sold by

For sale by L. L. Elgin.

At Bismarck N. D., the organization of the House and Senate has been effected.

Many a bright and happy household has been thrown into sadness and sorrow because of the death of a loved one from a neglected cold. Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the great cure for coughs, colds and all pulmonary ailments. Price, 25 and 50 cents. R. C. Hardwick.

Dispatches from Paris tell of the success of the submarine boat Morse.

Keep Yourself Strong.

And you will ward off colds, pneumonia, flu and other diseases. You need to have pure rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite and invigorates the system. You will be wise to begin taking it now for it will keep you strong and well.

Hood's pills are non irritating. Price 25c.

Unloading by speculators caused alarm on the New York Stock Exchange.

To Cure a Cough

stop coughing, as it irritates the lungs, and gives them no chance to heal. Foley's Honey and Tar cures without causing strain in throwing off the phlegm like common cough expectorants.

Former Senator Fred Dubois was nominated for United States Senator.

Whoever has suffered from piles knows how painful and troublesome they are. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles. Price 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents. Sold by R. C. Hardwick.

Gen. MacArthur has ordered the deportation of a number of prominent Filipino officers to the Island of Guam.

DEWITT, IA.

Gen. MacArthur has ordered the deportation of a number of prominent Filipino officers to the Island of Guam.

Sold by C. K. Wvly.

The credentials of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who begins his fifth term March 4, were presented to the Senate.

The properties of Ballard's Snow Liniment possess a range of useful ones greater than any other remedy. A day seldom passes in every household, especially where there are children, that it is not needed. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Sold by R. C. Hardwick.

Many a man gone in to the 20th without having accumulated a pair of Xs.

Chapped hands, cracked lips and roughness of the skin cured quickly by Bannor Salve, the most healing ointment in the world. Sold by A. P. Harness.

Sir Hiram Maxim, American can perhaps exhibit a longer death list than any other cannon maker of the day.

YOU should know that Foley's Honey and Tar is absolutely the best for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Dealers are authorized to guarantee it to give satisfaction. Sold by A. P. Harness.

What what will the ghost of Shakespeare say to the ghost of Ignatius Donnelly?

Scrofula in the blood shows itself sooner or later in swellings, sores, eruptions. Ant Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures it.

An Iowa man bought 6 Missouri cows for \$1000 and it was a bargain.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

WANTED—Active man of good character to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$300 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 222 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

CHANDLER DEFEATED

New Hampshire Senator Was Turned Down for Re-Election.

Will be Succeeded by Judge Henry E. Burnham, of Manchester.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 11.—Judge Henry E. Burnham, of Manchester, was last night nominated in the Republican legislative caucus to succeed United States Senator William E. Chandler, whose term of service will expire on March 3 next.

The choice of Judge Burnham, which was finally made unanimously, ended the fiercest political fight in the history of New Hampshire.

Senator Chandler, in all, has served fourteen years in the Senate, he was Secretary of the Navy in the Arthur Administration and was the dominant factor in his party in New Hampshire. His opponents in the remarkable senatorial contest which closed last night attributed his defeat to the fact that during the years of his public life he attacked any one whom he fancied stood in the way, and thereby raised up many enemies who seized this opportunity to unite in bringing about his defeat.

ELECTION WAS LEGAL.

Tinsley is Circuit Judge of Twenty-Seventh District.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 8.—Gov. Beckham this morning decided that the election held in the Twenty-seventh Circuit Court district in November last was legal and that Judge J. H. Tinsley, of Barbourville, is entitled to a certificate. Tinsley was the only candidate and received 10,738 votes.

The State Election Commission did not issue a certificate to Judge Tinsley and the point was raised before Gov. Beckham that as no proclamation had been issued calling an election, that none could be held. The Governor heard argument of attorneys and decided that the point is not well taken.

THREE CENTURIES.

John Herrington, Residing Near Carlisle, is 103 Years Old.

Carlisle, Ky., Jan. 11.—Nine miles from this city, in the neighborhood of Crayton, there lives James Harrington, who is one hundred and three years and eight months old. He is well-preserved, and on election day in November walked two miles to his voting place and cast his vote for Bryan and Beckham. The County Court has just released him from poll tax, on the ground that a man who had lived in two centuries should not pay tax in the third.

A YOUTHFUL PREACHER.

Negro Boy of Nine Years Preaching at North Pleasureville.

Pleasureville, Ky., Jan. 11.—A little colored boy of nine years of age, has been preaching a series of sermons in the A. M. E. Church in North Pleasureville that stamp him as a new century wonder. His knowledge of the Scriptures is said to be something remarkable in one so young. He uses good English and has plenty of language at his command. He is earnest and makes a good impression on all who hear him. The white people who have heard him pronounce him a wonder.

BLOODY MAIN.

Thirty-Three Out of Thirty-Four Birds Die in the Pit.

Fulton, Ky., Jan. 11.—Jackson defeated Dyersburg in the all-day cocking main here. There were seventeen fights and the two coops split even until the last and odd main, when Jackson won. Of thirty-four cocks which fought only one came out of the pit alive. Much money changed hands on the result for the championship of Tennessee.



It has been wittily said of the martyrs that they were people who were canonized while they lived and were canonized when they were dead. The same thing might be said of many a woman, who has been canonized by censure and criticism while she lived and canonized as a saint after death.

Husbands don't mean to be small and selfish. But they can't understand the sufferings which come with debilitating drains, irregularity, inflammation, or ulceration of the sensitive female organs. Thousands of happy women pay tribute to the wonderful change in their lives effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is not a cure-all. It has a specific purpose, in the curing of diseases peculiar to women. It cures these diseases perfectly.

Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce free by letter. Each letter is treated as a sacred confidence, privately read and promptly answered. All answers are in plain envelopes. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"My health is much better since I have been using Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mrs. Cora Brooks, of Martin, Franklin Co., Ga. "After having a miscarriage in 1895, I suffered with a pain in my left side and a lingering cough which grew worse and worse. I used Wine of C. and it only gave me temporary relief. Last spring I got past doing anything and my husband went to the drug store and called for Wine of C. and the merchant recommended Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as better, so he bought one bottle. I began to take it as directed in the pamphlet wrapped around the bottle. The book said if the disease was complicated with cough to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' alternately. Mr. Brooks got the Golden Medical Discovery and I took it as directed. The cough left me at once and I got better so rapidly my husband was astonished at my improvement. I took six bottles of the two medicines. I am now able to work and do the washing for two families."



COTTON GROWING IN WEST

More Than Half Crop Raised West Mississippi River.

Time produces and reveals economic movements of great magnitude. Few tendencies may perhaps create more surprise than the account of a western direction in the cotton growing area in this country. Wheat and corn have gone West, many other great industries have emigrated from old centers. Perhaps it is natural then to expect that new tendencies may be manifested also in the cotton industry.

It appears that more than one-half the cotton crop this year will be produced west of the Mississippi river. According to the estimates of the Department of Agriculture 1900 shows a cotton area east of the Mississippi of 14,168,000 acres, and west of that river 10,868,000 acres.

As the yield per acre on the western is higher than in the east owing to the greater richness of new soils, the trans-Mississippi region will actually furnish more than half of the whole supply for 1900. Texas, with over 7,000,000 acres, will itself produce one-third of the entire cotton crop. It will amaze many to know perhaps that 1900's production of lint cotton in Oklahoma has been not less than 78,000,000 pounds while the statisticians give the Indian Territory's crop as nearly 100,000,000 pounds. It may be noted that Oklahoma's crop is ten times that of Virginia and 3½ times Florida's.

PROHIBITION AGITATION.

Repeal of the Law Being Urged at Russellville.

The repeal of the prohibition law now in force in Russellville and the substitution of a dispensary or high license saloon is being urged on all sides, says a special from that place. The dispensary and saloon question is the line of cleavage, the present prohibition law having apparently no advocates or so few as to amount to nothing. The move will hit the express company pretty hard, sometimes as high as forty jugs being brought in on one train.

\$500 Reward.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liverita, the Up to Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions Little Liver Pill are followed. They are a sly Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain give Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 100 boxes contain 25 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail; stamps taken. NERVINA MEDICAL CO., Cor. Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill. For sale by R. C. Hardwick.

Poor Little Girl.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 11.—Senator Royal E. Percell, of Vincennes, one of the most prominent Democratic Legislators, has named a bouncing baby daughter, "Alice of Old Vincennes."

"WIDE-AWAKE!"

Wide awake! Keep wide awake As through the year you wake While you, careless, slumbering lie, Others slowly pass you by; As the tortoise won the race From the hare, though fast his pace. This, dear boys, your motto make: "Wide awake!"

Wide awake! Look ahead Careful who the way has led. Onward then, now stop to rest! Victor he that does his best. Look with eyes alone, you're blind; Look with heart and soul and mind! This, dear boys, your motto make: "Wide awake!"

Wide awake! Awake to truth, To the glory of your youth, To the call to noble deed, To the prayer of one in need, To the words of life that tell, To the right—and all is well! This, dear boys, your motto make: "Wide awake!"

—George Birdseye, in Golden Days.

HIS DESPERATE CASE

Percival felt that the world was come to an end for him and he was trying to convince himself that he didn't care a continental if it was. He sat in a chair that seemed incompatible with any sort of discomfort, his pipe was between his teeth, and he had been notified of a raise in his salary that very week; nevertheless the chair could not hold him in its padded embrace, and he got up and paced about the room in the regulation style of the caged panther; his pipe had gone out long ago, and as for salary, what to him was salary!

He felt in the breast pocket of his coat and drew out a letter, or rather a note, which he read with a scowl corrugating his brow. Then, with a succession of angry jerks, he tore it across and across, and dropped the pieces, fluttering on the hearth. A moment later he gathered the pieces in a heap, and, striking a match, set fire to them. As the flame gradually died out from the rustling tinder a thought seemed to strike him, and he felt in his breast pocket again. This time he took out a pocket book and extracted a small package, wrapped in tissue paper, from a special compartment; this also he laid on the hearth, and, with the same expression of angry determination on his face, struck another match and held it to the paper. It did not burn as freely as the other for a minute, but suddenly it flared up so that he had to start back to avoid the flame. The next instant there was nothing on the hearth but ashes and a particularly unpleasant smell permeated the room.

Percival drew a deep breath and remained staring moodily at the blackened fragments on the hearth for several minutes. Then, with what seemed to be an effort, he rose and began to whistle. What did it matter, after all? What did anything matter? No girl was worth a moment's worry.

In accordance with this decision, he sat down again and struck a third match, with which he lighted his pipe. He puffed away with preternatural calm for a little while, and then took the evening paper from the table and turned to the theatrical advertisements.

"I might as well enjoy myself," he said. "That's probably what she's doing. I'll simply devote the rest of my existence to having a good time. If she ever hears of me at all, it will be as a light-hearted man about town. Let's see, what is on. No, I'm not going to afford her the satisfaction of seeing me droop into an early grave. My harp doesn't hang on any weeping willow tree. I'll tune her up and pick out rag-time tunes."

The paper dropped to the floor, and he continued, with a melancholy eye on the engraving of Napoleon at St. Helena, which hung on the wall: "I'll dissipate; that's what I'll do—fill the cup that clears to-day of past regrets and future fears—woop'er up Eliza Jane. I believe I'll drink a bottle of beer before I go to bed to-night, just as a starter. They will go to her and tell her what I'm doing, and then maybe she will be sorry. I don't know, though, why I should care whether she is sorry or not. I don't suppose I really do. My mind is naturally disturbed now, just as it would be if I suddenly broke myself of any other habit. In a week I shall be wondering what I ever saw in her and I shall be ahead so much experience. I suppose every man has to go through it once, just as puppies get the distemper, and I ought to be thankful that I found out in time how callous and frivolous women can be. I've had all I want of them, that's one thing sure."

He got up and walked about the room, and then suddenly sat down again with an impatient exclamation. "I don't see why I can't simply dismiss the matter from my mind and let it go at that," he said. "I won't go out; that's one thing dead certain. It would be a confession of weakness to seek distraction. I wonder if she

won't write and ask me to come again. I guess it's too soon for a letter, but she might send a messenger. Then I could coldly express my regret that I was unable to see her, and suggest that it would perhaps be better that our correspondence should cease. That would settle the matter, and it would be a satisfaction to know that it was actually settled. I guess it's settled, anyway.

"I wonder how that trial balance is coming out. Mosier is going to get fooled on his guess. They want to get some ink that won't clog on my pens the way the last did. I don't believe in the economy of buying cheap ink. There's going to be plenty for us to do between this and the frost with the annuals and the holiday shipments, and it won't let up with the new year. Well, I shall be glad to have plenty of work to take my mind off this business. Work! That's what there is before me now. Good, honest, hard work and no fooling. Not that I wouldn't have worked just as hard for her. There was our home to work for then. Now it will be just money grubbing. Well, I'll grub to beat the band."

He laughed a harsh, sardonic and dissyllabic laugh, the sound of which reminded him of a villain in a black cloak whom, in happier days he had gnyed from a gallery seat. He felt that he had misjudged that villain's art, but at the same time he ceased his soliloquy and lit his pipe again.

It was easier to stop talking than to keep from thinking, and his thoughts went wandering off to the little home they two had planned. There probably never had been a house built just exactly like it, and there probably never would have been, but it had grown very familiar to him in the first half-waking hours of morning—particularly the room where they would sit together. Her face—! Castles in Spain! Money grubbing now; a deadening in human feeling, a self-contained, self-sufficing existence that would harden his heart and set his face in lines that would scare children. He took a savage satisfaction in the contemplation of his future self, but caught himself softening at the picture of this adamant millionaire, yielding to the appeal of the love of his youth and raising her from poverty to affluence; so he picked up the newspaper again and tried to interest himself in the partition of China.

The door bell below suddenly rang, and Percival started to his feet. Could it be the messenger? He half opened his door and listened. He heard his landlady say: "I think he's upstairs in his room now. You can go up and see; it's right at the head of the stairs," and then he retreated to his chair, choked with emotion.

It was the laundryman with his weekly bill. Would he have written that note, after all? Suppose she could have explained. And would it not be better to give her the opportunity to explain? Of course, she could. She could make him look like a fool in one sentence, but he was not the man to allow any girl to twist him around her little finger. He would show her that. A trivial cause, perhaps, as some people might look at it, but what could there be trivial in their intercourse. Looking back, he could remember other instances, slight in themselves, but were they not as floating straws showing the ebbing tide of love?

But to return to the Chinese question. Oh, hang the Chinese question! Yet it should be a matter of human interest. Great nations were playing a great game there; armies were gathering. How would it be to enlist. Here was a subject worthy of serious consideration. What could life offer him here but the prospect of a dreary slaving over account books? Was that a career for a man with blood in his veins and strength in his sinews? On the other hand, strenuous activity, the joy of conflict, the thrill of danger—and then a glorious death. She would hear of it, and perhaps her blinding tears would fall fast upon the printed page where his name would appear in capital letters in the list of the slain. They might perhaps bring his mortal remains back in a metal casket. They have done that for the boys who fell in Cuba, and while Percival thought at the time it was a piece of idiotic sentimental extravagance, now it seemed only the proper and decent thing to do. The services would be held at the church, of course, and there would be pathetic allusions to the young hero who, animated by sentiments of the loftiest patriotism, responded gladly to his country's call and laid down his life on the sacred altar of—er—of that country. The chances were good for a swooning at that.

But after all it would not be well to go away with bitterness in his heart. She must understand that, though Fate had spoken and an eternal separation must be—that it was his untolerable determination that it should be—yet he would be faithful to her memory. He would release her formally from her engagement—very formally. She should understand, yet he would place an icy barrier before her—and then he would bid her farewell forever. Perhaps a letter would be the best way.

No. Letters were only letters, liable to misconstruction, and there should be no mistaking his firm intention.

Yet it might be put better in writing.

But then there was always the danger of a letter falling into the hands of a third party. The old man might open it. Just as well to call to-morrow evening.

Where was the sense of putting it off? If it had to be done it might just as well be done at once.

Percival put on his coat and went out.

Perhaps ten minutes had elapsed since the eternal farewell had been spoken, and the young man and the girl were seated on the sofa talking it over. They were not yet separated—far from it.

"You might just as well have given me another," he said, plaintively. "Then all this misery would have been avoided."

"I had given you enough—more than enough," she answered.

"Enough for you, perhaps."

"Now, don't begin again, Percival. You know papa was getting awfully impatient. And one wouldn't want to give you so many that you won't care for them."

"Try. Give me one now."

She gave it to him. Presently he said: "And you'll give me another lock of your hair?"

"You don't deserve it," she replied, "but I suppose I'll have to."—Chicago Daily Record.

THE MEXICAN DOLLAR.

Is the Standard of Value in a Large Portion of the Earth.

The Mexican dollar, says W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record, has been the standard of value in the Pacific ports of Asia, and also in the Spanish West and East Indies for a century or more. There is no record of the time or the reasons for its adoption. But for generation after generation the mints of Mexico have turned out hundreds of millions of silver dollars, which have been shipped to the Chinese ports, to Cuba, to Porto Rico, to the Philippines, to Formosa and elsewhere, and accepted by the people as legal tender. China practically has no coinage except brass "cash"—or pennies—and the Mexican dollar is equivalent to the tael. If you go into a bank in China and present a draft you will receive Mexican dollars. They are not only used for money, but are treated as bullion, and are melted up by the Chinese and East Indians for use in the manufactures and the arts. In the absence of savings banks, it is customary for those who are fortunate enough to accumulate a supply to melt them and pour the metal into a hole in the ground, very often under the floor of the dwelling or shop, which is the safest place to keep the surplus from the avaricious mandarins, who usually find some way of "squeezing" merchants and others who have been able to accumulate wealth.

Some years ago the government of the United States attempted to find a market in the east for the product of our silver mines in the form of a coin of the same weight and fineness as the Mexican dollar. It was called the "trade dollar," but the efforts to introduce it were unsuccessful, and after a long experiment the coinage was suspended and the dollars were called in for redemption.

Balloon Adventure.

At Vincennes a balloon experiment has been carried out with a view of ascertaining how high the balloon could go. The balloon, occupied by Capt. Balsan and M. Godard, attained an altitude of 22,000 feet. During the ascent Capt. Balsan became insensible and was almost paralyzed, and only by the prompt attentions of his companion, who administered oxygen, was he able to recover. After that, both held the oxygen tubes in their mouths. At 22,000 feet they still had ballast to throw out, but they had become so weak that their combined strength would not enable them to throw the bag over the side, and they were compelled to descend.